

Kate Carew's Volley of Questions Finally Drew Broadside from Mr. Waldo

She Had a Pet List of Queries to Hurl at the Police Commissioner When She Bearded Him in His Den, and He Gave Her a Conglomerate Answer to the Whole Lot.

By Kate Carew.

On my way downtown the other afternoon I caught the look in the eyes of a pretty young thing, all dressed in holiday attire, to meet her best beau. Ah, there were fun and flirtation in those violet depths!

Then the broken line of nice little brook-ers attracted me. They had slicked their hair and their desks. They had released their trousers and their glances were directed north, where they were actually "hiking"—that's a good word, if properly used.

Then I observed "popper" and "mommer" with a brood of ten. Then a proud chauffeur with a Limousine filled with Capitalists.

Your Aunt Kate woke up to the knowledge that it was Saturday afternoon, not the time the properly trained interviewer chooses as a favorable moment to receive the secrets that all the politicians are so ready to divulge.

You understand one cannot be a clinging vine, as I have been for a long time, and change all at once into an oak. When one is a C. N. one does not keep track of the days of the week, and if it happens to be Thursday and you are told it is Monday you go and do the family wash without a word.

That explains why on Saturday afternoon I was chirping to a fatherly ticket seller—how fatherly they can be—who inquired in a Playboy-of-the-Western-World brogue: "Where in Mulberry street are ye after goin'?" and when, in my dignified way, I responded: "To the Police Headquarters," he looked amazed that a person as young as I should be so ignorant. Ah, this being young and old at one and the same time!

To the individual changes and chances—don't you love this moving from flat to flat?—of your Aunt Kate's existence has been added a knowledge of the insecurity of life in general, new subways tearing up the earth, new skyscrapers cleaving the air, tunnels where fish used to live, balloons where birds flew. It has been so restful to find that the old, dark, dingy Police Headquarters was as stationary as a tub in a model tenement. How could I know that it moved away two years ago? It was a spot replete with hallowed memories, and when you realize that I have thought of the Police Headquarters with- out, to proceed.

Excuse my zigzagging for a moment, but you know an old lady gets garrulous. My last visit to the Mulberry Bend establishment was made particularly agreeable by a chat—not as a guarantee of good faith, but merely for publication purposes—with "the best chief of Police New York ever had," handsome, blue-eyed "Bill" Devery. They say he's in the real estate business now. Why will handsome, blue-eyed men do that sort of thing?

The ticket seller allowed, "They've a grand place now; they ain't been in Mulberry since I don't know when. After you've seen the new 'un you won't ever miss it again." What did he mean by that? I cannot explain such a cryptic utterance, but I do remember his complacent grin of pride—taxpayer's pride—and disapproval of my ignorance, as one who might say, as I heard a man say once when a woman lost her carfare in the depths of a disappearing pocket, "And this is the kind that wants the vote."

AWESOME NEW MAGNIFICENCE.

I shuddered in anticipation of the "grand place" I was approaching. I sighed for the old shadowy corridors, the lurking spots of gloom, the Black Hand atmosphere, the griminess of the entrance, the ghostly creakings of protesting boards. Never was a stage setting more artistically fitted to the production. It was smelly, but oh! my dears, the chiaroscuro. No, I won't tell you what that means; it has to do with my past—that Clinging Vine past.

It took me a long time to regain my composure. Meantime the L. road conductor varied his seditious answers to my inquiries with peeps into his coat, where he was apparently carrying a newspaper sketch of Mrs. Isabella Goodwin, latest aspirant for detective honors.

That I didn't look like the picture was a distinct disappointment. You could see that he was trying to make up his mind whether it was my cursed individual obstinacy or just the hard luck of the artist whose subject won't look like the drawing—it does happen that way sometimes.

You recall when Bunyan's Pilgrim faced the stone lions he thought they were real, and finally with old heart in his mouth, approached and found them but near-lions, as we so often do, note the moral touch!

Exactly the same did I feel approaching the magnificence of that new building, the towering facade of stone, the sculptured brutes, the golden dome to which the conductor had pointed—again the taxpayer's pride—the nice, broad steps. Do you suppose the criminals remember that it's the first step that counts? I can't help these trivial asides, they're in the air. Yes, she was distinctly nervous. There is no more pathetic sight on earth than that of a Clinging Vine gently trying to attach itself to some substance that eludes the grasp. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim I wanted to cut and run, but like him I faced the music—I mean the lions—and ever in the moment of my upper C. fright I could not help but think how alluring the city had made crime. Why, I felt as if I were going to a reception at the White House. Personally I think the new Police Headquarters much more attractive, on the outside, of course. Naturally, I have never been asked inside the White House, but I am not one to complain; you know that, my dears.

A charming old official kept guard over the lions and of the quiet, uninhabited interior. He had white hair and a white soul. He welcomed me as cordially as if I had been a real criminal. "Your first offense, Miss?" he inquired. Oh, so genial!

Moved by his paternal manner I confessed that this was my first offense—in the new Headquarters—and that I was looking for the Police Commissioner, Mr. Rhinelander Waldo. From him I received the sad news, broken gently but firmly, that, as it was Saturday afternoon, the Commissioner, true to immemorial usage, was, in all probability, absent from the post of duty. Used to giving advice, he said: "You'd better try, Miss. Good luck might be on your side, and the Commissioner so interested in his work that he couldn't leave."

But he wasn't. As I trokked to the elevator White Soul whispered: "If he ain't there don't you care; you just come down and try again; try again."

The elevator man, also white souled, escorted me to the room of Mr. Winfield Sheehan, the secretary. He was apparently afraid that I would get lost in the long, straight hall; at the far, far end—oh, the trembling knees!—the door was situated behind which were the weighty secrets I was to hear away. Alas, the door was locked. The Commissioner had gone for the day, the secretary had gone for the day—everybody had gone for the day. There was nothing left for me to do but to go for the day, too.

The elevator man suggested that I try again. The white souled official murmured "Try again," twice, deserted in an atmosphere of rose colored hope.

The impression I had gained was a vital

one. Not only has sanitation and sunlight replaced the dinginess and gloom, but the manners of the salon have succeeded to those of the saloon. Naturally I don't refer to handsome, blue-eyed "Bill" Devery or any of his sort who ruled from time to time over the Mulberry ménage. But in the new Police Headquarters the most fastidious criminal couldn't object to being put through the third degree.

So, in a word, all was not lost, as the man said who threw a stone at a bird, missed it, but hit his mother-in-law, for I had gained much useful information.

Monday I was on hand, bright if not early. Your Aunt Kate always rises to the occasional bait, and when the editor had suggested after luncheon as a particularly happy time to interview police commissioners I was not standing on the steps to greet Mr. Waldo at 9 a. m. In fact, it was 2:30 when I poked through the three-story door, hoping for that good digestion on which the interviewer's happiness so often depends. It isn't your Aunt Kate's way to take an advantage of any one, and when the editor had tacked to his original statement the addendum that Mr. Waldo usually took a very good lunch I went and took one, too—one, not two—of course, at the expense of the paper.

As I look back at my progress I have the impression of elegance added to that of hygiene, noted before. I recall carpets of red or green, I can't remember which. They are always one or tother when men have their own way. They have such primitive color schemes, poor dears! They were soft—the carpets, I mean—and there was Flemish oak and marble thrown about as recklessly as tombstones in a cemetery. It's a rich city we live in. The picture grows as I rub my memory; there was an octagonal room and there were long halls, with many doors opening frequently.

Outside one of these I introduced myself to a very handsome young man. He nearly got by, but I haven't gained the reputation I own for alertness by any false methods. He stopped. Later I learned that his name is Shaw and that he's been on the force some sixteen years and is now a lieutenant. At the moment I just noticed that his hair was frosted with silver and he had nice, big brown eyes. It is my unbiased opinion that you can find just as many Apollo Belvederes on the New York police force as there ever were on those of ancient Greece. Degeneracy of the race! (Pshaw.)

When I told him who and why I was he asked: "Did you do those Lulu pictures?" Oh, those haunting Lulu pictures! I wasn't going to steal any one's thunder right in Police Headquarters, so I said: "No." He hoped I wasn't going to interview him.

OPINIONS OF AN APOLLO.

"I think public men talk too much," talked he. Your Aunt Kate—ah, the artful flatterer (vide Clinging Vine)—chirped said: "But if a man is clever and good looking you should have seen the look accompanying this remark; there is no reason why he should feel that way."

Apollo Shaw ignored the pretty persiflage. He repeated himself, but he did it with such an air, "They talk too much."

Talking the cue with feminine meekness, I inquired, "Then you think that it is better to be a good listener?"

"You can't be a listener and a Good Mixer," he responded, a mite gloomily.

Then he set of took me into his confidence. They will do it, father me, and advise me, and confess to me.

"Yes," said he, and his voice took on that lovely emotional, soul-stirring note, "I'll never make a success for that reason."

I sighed.

"No," gloomed he, "I am not a Good Mixer."

Naturally, I thought he was speaking of the pink lemonade maker at a "Tim" Sullivan picnic, but as he continued talking while we strolled down the corridor I was rather glad that I hadn't offered him my New England recipe.

A Good Mixer, according to Apollo Shaw, is one who can talk to a man he hates so said man won't know they aren't as thick as college chumps or women bridge fiends.

"I'm not an actor," he added, "I can't do it."

"You should study diplomacy," chirped I, rather sententiously, for a late Clinging Vine.

They like simple ideas served up in a simple vocabulary at the Police Headquarters. He corrected my phrase to "What a man breeds are tact and self-control."

"Yes," said I, Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, who has busily written about the idle rich, told me once at the Plaza that

landlord Waldo was built on the same lines—heroic, I mean, of course.

He is about six feet in his shoes. I can't speak for obvious reasons, of his crooking height, and he is rapidly putting on weight. He didn't put it on while I was there, of course, not as rapid as that, but rapid

enough to suggest a cutting of those good

lunches; and yet, I don't know—he is so nice afterward.

Yes, his manner as he greeted me was flawless. He rose and took my hand. I'm an expert in hands, and I like his—warm, good heart, or is it circulation?

And firm character. He was just enough of the society dude he was called years ago to show that he has a backbone. He wore a quite unobtrusive but well cut blue serge and no adornments, except the big cigar, which he smoked all through the interview, nervously at times. When I realized that those spiral puffs and my spiral knee shaking came from the same cause I felt quite maternal.

Applying the Bertillon portrait method to the face of the Commissioner—who is so modest, by the way, that he cuts off the "Who's Who?" "Rhinelander" and just signs police reports "R. Waldo"—I find that he has a short executive nose and, using the facile term of a scribbled friend, my guttural eyelids I saw that Mr. Rhine-

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"I SUPPOSE YOU ARE GOING TO ASK ME ALL THE QUESTIONS ON THE CALENDAR FROM THE TARIFF TO THE TAXI ROBBERY."



HE SAID I WAS A GOOD LISTENER.



"DO YOU THINK I'D MAKE A GOOD DETECTIVE?" BROUGHT A SMILE TO THE COMMISSIONER'S FACE.



LIKE BUNYAN'S PILGRIM, I WANTED TO CUT AND RUN.

On Woman Detectives, Police Discipline, Disguises, Motorcycles, Etc., He Spoke at Some Length, but on Subjects Like Poetry and Suffragettes He Was Non-Committal.

tact and self-control in climbing the social or the official ladder.

"I remember when you came to interview Croker."

We sat down.

My list of questions was seen as much in evidence as his cigar, and glancing at it with his quizzical look turned on he remarked: "I suppose you are going to ask me all the questions on the calendar from the tariff to the taxi robbery."

When I admitted the soft impeachment his expression changed from one of half amused tolerance to a sort of dogged resignation.

I might insert here, my dears, that the Police Commissioner does not make it easy for you. No meeting you half way on the stairs. So, if you have any little tendencies to crime, please check them.

He waited, smoking like a newsboy. I broke the ice and plunged in. My, but it was cold!

"Do you find your present work as picturesque and stimulating as that of your soldier days?" It sounds rather foolish written, doesn't it? But you know on an important epigram.

His eyes fluttered. I had never seen a Police Commissioner's eyelashes flutter, and I was so interested.

He didn't disturb me. He had apparently gone into The Silence, as say the Parsees.

Finally, "Go on," said he, between puffs. "But aren't you going to answer?"

I pleaded I.

To this he responded, "I want to find out what you are here to talk about."

Isn't that the veritable Sherlock and Lanning and Isabelle Goodwin rolled into one composite picture? Groundless suspicions, for your Aunt Kate had burned the midnight nickel-in-the-slot gas thinking up that artistic interrogation.

Question—"Do you miss the military life?"

Quiet, and the verbal whip applied to my faltering courage. "Go on."

Oh, for the gift of speech to earth's silent ones. I interpolated this in my thoughts. Aloud I said:

"Are you fond of sports, athletic ones I mean?"

Puff. Puff. "Go on."

"Dogs?" I repeated.

"I don't wish to talk about myself. People are not interested. Who cares whether I am fond of dogs or not?"

"Oh, I'm sure they're dying to know," I chirped, so politely.

Puff. Puff. Silence. Eyelash flutter.

"Gats?" You know I can be dogged, too. He looked at me through the slit in his

eyes, wondering if I suspected him of being the author of the letter to Mayor Gaynor complaining of slumbers disturbed by operative Tom cats practising their arias.

NOT KEEN ABOUT CATS.

"No, I'm not keen about cats."

"Really? You know they are very restful. Why, Chief Croker told me once—"

"Which Croker?"

"Why, your Mr. Croker. He said that cats were restful to human beings, and that monkeys were equally so to quadrupeds; that if you had monkeys in a racing stable the horses were much more amenable to training, and as for goats—"

I hesitated at the goats, and she who hesitates is lost.

"Go on," Puff. Puff. The lasting power of that cigar!

"How does the average policeman compare with the soldier in courage? With the fireman?"

Puff. Puff. Silence. Eyelash flutter.

"Go on."

My paper commenced to flutter, too. It was a real fluttery time.

Impulsively I realized that an interviewer cannot go on firing questions into a lambent, unresponsive atmosphere forever at the same time that I realized his quivering eyelash was caught napping in the space where my last question splashed across the page.

He was waiting for that and there would be nothing doing until he had it. Your Aunt Kate can do a little detective work herself, when necessary.

I threw them at him like verbal bombs, or suffragette stones. He was just as peaceful and puffy as he had been all along.

FIRST MONOLOGUE.

Is the policeman's so-called bravery just routine duty, devoid of the spirit of self-sacrifice?

When self-consciousness enters into a rescue, as stopping a runaway horse in a crowded street, is that bravery?

Can you recall a particularly interesting feat of courage in your military experience?

What is the best system of discipline?

Are our men as well educated as the English police and how does our system compare with that of Scotland Yard, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin?

What are the qualifications for a good female detective? How does she compare with the male?

Do you think I'd make a good detective? He showed his teeth.

Is her sex a handicap? Can she be depended on in an emergency? Does she think as quickly as the man? Is she as logical a reasoner? Does she act on impulse?

(Puffs.)

SECOND MONOLOGUE.

Is a disguise more difficult for a woman or for a man?

Has she endurance enough to make a good police officer?

(Ha-ha and again a Ha-ha.)

TRANSCRIPT.

The average man is brave. The men who are called upon constantly to face danger develop this characteristic more than those not called upon to risk their lives. The policeman, the fireman and the soldier are equally brave. To constitute bravery the act must be one in which the man realizes he is risking his life, and also one in which he could avoid and yet escape censure. An act of physical prowess does not necessarily constitute bravery.

The solution of crime is mainly accomplished through information. A woman can obtain information as well as a man in certain cases, in some cases better. The quality of physical force or bravery is not essential to a woman detective.

A disguise is not as difficult for a woman as for a man.

The work of Mrs. Goodwin was clever in that she persisted and so accomplished the results required.

As to personal detection of crime, I have never worked along those lines. The administration of the detective bureau is entirely apart from the detection of crime. It consists of having men who are competent distributed under various heads in such a manner as to obtain the best results possible.

I have no ambition except to make the Police Department as efficient as possible. I am not in the least interested in patrol duty in ordinary sections. A man cannot ride a motorcycle and observe what is going on around him. As many good horses are not brave. To constitute bravery the demand is much less as it is still able to procure fine animals.

(No comment on Suffragettes or Poetry.)

During the year 1911 there were 148 murders, for which 125 persons were arrested and 7 committed suicide prior to police action. Not one has been executed for any of these murders. Only 13 have been convicted.

Sentences have been suspended and convicts freed by judges in 611 cases of felony, 11,420 cases of misdemeanor, 1,663 cases of juvenile delinquency, or a total of 13,841 suspended sentences.

In one case a young man was arrested three times within eight weeks in the act

Continued on fourth page.